

INVENTING CHEAP GAS THE NEWEST NATIONAL PASTIME

Everybody's Doing It and All You Need Is Imagination to Get In on the Game

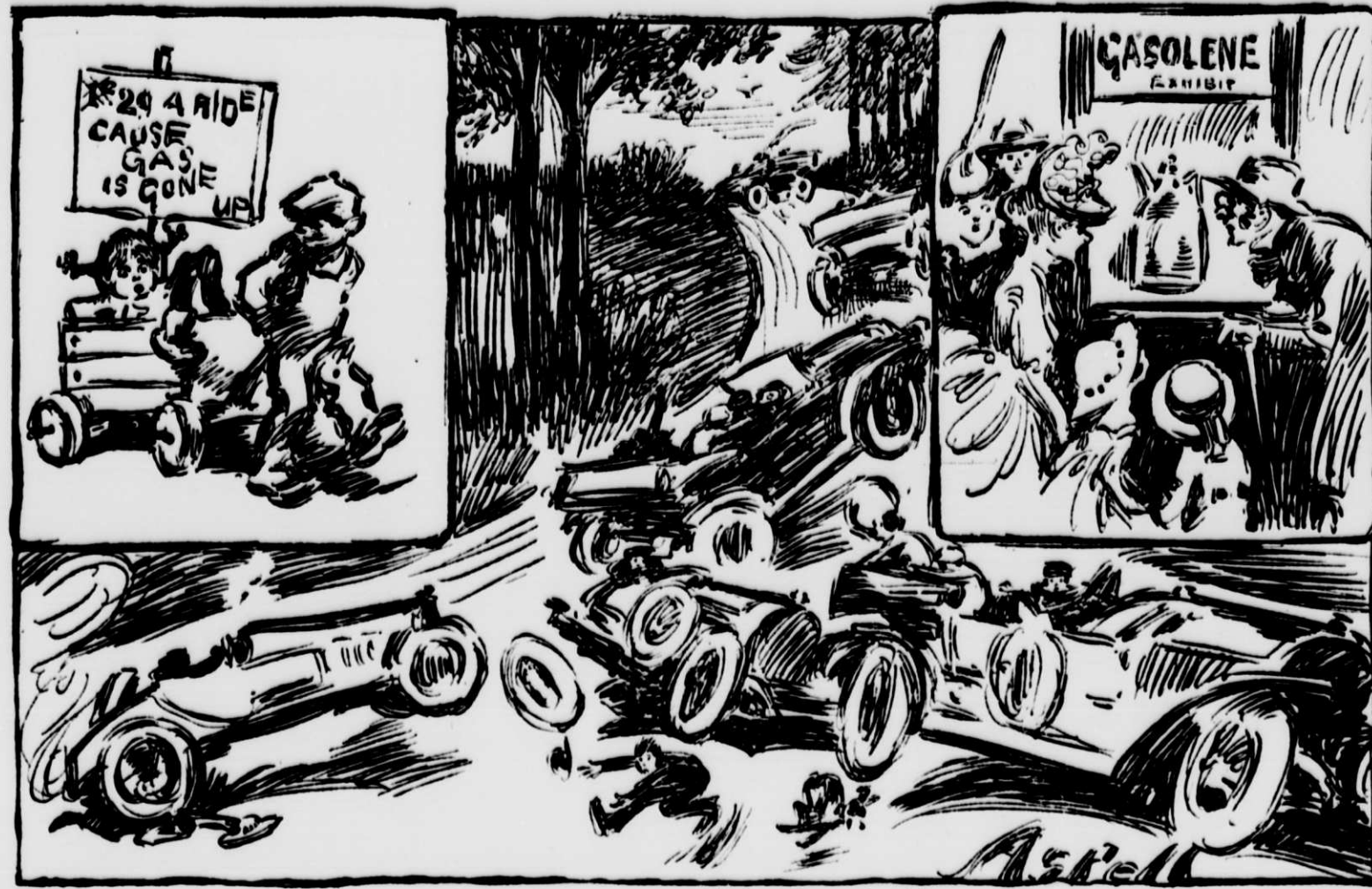
By JANE DIXON.

HAVE you a little substitute for gasoline in your home? If not you have overlooked one of the great world opportunities of the day.

People are buzzing about the brilliant idea like bees around a honey-pot. Here is an open field for fame and fortune unequalled in the annals of history—with the possible exception of the opportunity of inventing a specific cure for revivals in Mexico. No one expects the cure but hope

"The lobbies of the big hotels are full of them. Whenever you see a well-dressed man standing on the toes of a prominent citizen, looking him through the prominent citizen's buttonhole and giving him the closest conversation, you can bet it is all about how he has the merry chortle on John D. and all that Standard Oil bunch."

"A few months ago these same well-dressed boys were whispering that they knew where there were a hundred thousand rounds of ammunition and fifty thousand rifles to be bought, and any time the Allies needed thirty



When the motors are filled with good spirits.

shook his head with something akin to sadness.

"Anything from superfluous vegetation to the tinsel of cigarette boxes," he replied. "You can't stop these fellows and their ravings. They will put a set of blue prints on you and prove to you that with enough oil silk stockings and a couple of secret chemicals they can make automobile fuel for a cent a gallon."

Plenty of us are having a lot of uncomfortable moments for fear one of the substitute boys will really gallop forth and make good on a promise, whereupon we will no longer have a plausible excuse for being mere pedestrians. With all this chatter about 60 cent gasoline bandied about it has been easy to say the only reason we were holding down seats in the subway or standing in the trenches of the surface cars was because we feared the high cost of gasoline was going to make motoring a prohibitive pleasure.

It did not cost a cent to boast back and forth about the beauty with the wire wheels and the red leather upholstery we had staked for ownership. Punctuate this kind of talk with a deep sigh and in nine cases out of ten it would go over big, especially if followed by a story about how all the plutocratic owners were putting up their cars because they could not afford to buy gasoline by the gill.

Present indications are that our excuse is going to be yanked right out from under us, and we are going to have either to make good on all the cheery chatter or to come out in the open and admit that we are poor worms of the earth doomed to travel from place to place either on foot or on a five cent fare.

One Louis Enright of Farmingdale, L. I., was the pioneer of the persons who declared they were ready to give Sir Isaac Newton, Thomas A. Edison and the rest of the world better factors a run for fame. Without preparing the suffering public, or that part of it which is fortunate enough to own carburetors and demountable rims—without even warning them of the impending shock, this Mr. Enright suddenly burst out with the news that he had the laugh on Dame Nature and the gasoline magnates. By a process all his own he had evolved the method of propelling automobiles at a high rate of speed and all the speed stuff cost him was a couple of coppers a gallon.

Of course, all he received by way of appreciation was the loud guffaw. The Wise Williams stood by and declared it could not be done.

But Mr. Enright was one of the sort who could not be stopped. His system was associated with the same sort of thing that made P. T. Barnum a headliner in the hall of fame. He was a good showman. He could talk as loud as the scuffers.

Instead of quitting when the crowd

boomed he reared up a dramatic setting for his act. He pulled the dark secret stunt and it won him a lot of publicity. He was so afraid some one would warm out the formula of the gasoline substitute that he went about buying a little dab of chemical here and a little dab there. Then he motored away into the Great Silence, put the dabs of chemicals together.

If Mr. Enright never makes good on a single gallon of his gigantic discovery he can go on, and clean up as an A No. 1 press agent. The best proof of this is that he sold his substitute to the Maxim syndicate. Even if the friendly fluid proves the frostiest kind of thriver the man has given a million or more motorists a thrill, and a third is worth more than a third any day of this 1916.

But the Farmingdale sage is not to occupy his pedestal of fame undisputed. Every man of magnificent mind or accomplishment has his imitators. In all parts of the land pretenders are bobbing up to claim a slice of the pie.

Come now a man from Yonkers who swears by all the gods and small fishes that he can beat gasoline with a fuel made of water, ammonia and sodium.

Of course almost anything can happen in Yonkers, and it may be that this Lewis Morrison, who is brave enough to name Yonkers as his

abiding place, has the goods. It is only fair, though, to suspect that he has held out the fourth element in the equation so the bold, bad bandits may not crash in and steal the fruits of his brain.

Would you mind telling us, Mr. Morrison, whether we shall be purchasing our motor fuel from the gracious garage keeper or at the prescription counter of the nearest drug shop? The Yonkers substitute sounds suspiciously like what the family physician prescribes for a sore finger.

From Cuba comes the sorrowful tidings that the native sons are so hard put to it for auto fuel that they are using Bacardi rum in place of gasoline. Perhaps this conveys to you a slight notion of how desperate the situation has become. If you understand the insidious appeal of a Daiquiri cocktail it will be considerable of a spur to your appreciation of the efforts of Messrs. Enright and Morrison.

This consuming of the national punch of Cuba will sooner or later lead to another crying question: "What can we substitute for Bacardi?" It looks like an endless chain of substitutes. Let us not forget that in the frenzy of the moment we must conserve our national resources, auto or no auto.

To convince the eternal optimist that all the badinage about the high cost of gasoline is not like spoofing it might

It Has Entirely Replaced the Once Thrilling Indoor Sport of Collecting Mythical War Orders

he well to call to his attention the fact that gasoline is now on the police blotter as a standard article of robbery.

A few days ago the papers carried a story about two apparently respectable, not to say opulent, citizens who whirled in from a garage and loudly paraded five gallons of gasoline.

The future millionaire who owned the garage ambled out and began operating the gasoline pump.

When it had automatically ejected the five gallons and the top was adjusted on the auto tank one of the occupants of the car leaned far out and hit the host over the head with a blunt

iron escape the police indexed gasoline as a standard article of robbery. The gasoline can occupies the same position in the house as the safe. In fact it is only a matter of days until the cans will be equipped with combination time locks.

Accounts of the daring robbery of the future will tell of the robber who jimmied his way into the Van Astor town house while the family was at the opera, chloroformed the servants and got away with the famous Van Astor collection of pearls and gasolines.



Have you a little "gas" in your home?

instrument. By the time mine host had recovered sufficiently to squeak his protest his callers were far, far away.

Here was a galling situation. The robbers had driven up, partaken of the garage man's hospitality and then used it as a means of escape. How is that for rank insatiation?

Mine host is having a machine gun mounted over his gasoline pump, and the next motorist who tries to make away with so much as a pint of the precious fluid will think he is in trench 23 under fire.

"I hope the dealers in gasoline will not take to displaying it in their windows," said Danny Rinn, the genial guardian of a prominent Broadway corner. "It's hard enough, goodness knows, to keep ambitious crooks from reaching through plate glass fronts and escaping with all the jewelry they can grab."

Will it come to this, think you? "Which would you like for Christmas, dearie, a diamond bracelet or a can of gasoline?" Or this: "The bridegroom's present to the bride was a handsome gasoline can, done in platinum with diamond monograms and containing a select portion of the finest gasoline." Or something like this:

"Gasoline Jim Brady says that New York is the safest city in the world. He goes to every popular dance palace along the Great White Way and never yet has he been robbed of a single ounce of gasoline, though he carries it right out in the open where its fragrant scent is a constant temptation to thieves."

Speaking of fragrant scents, there is sure to be a new perfume on the market. Even now many of the very best of our "stallies" wear motor coats or motor vests and sprinkle them copiously with gasoline when going about. They find that by this little trick they are able to open charge accounts where otherwise they would be met with scorn. They are certain to get accelerated service the minute they are suspected of being on riding terms with an automobile.

After a while the gasoline perfume will be the square and will be sprayed from a cut in the perfect toilette. "La Trofée Gasoline" will rank with the imported variety of apple blossom and hilly of the valley.

What is that lovely scent you are using, my dear? It positively steeps the senses—it is so well-what you might call dreamy."

"Yes, isn't it deliciously different? It is called gasoline. I understand there used to be tanks and tanks of it here in America, but of course that is absurd."

A girl who draws said she has talked it over with a fairly lucky friend who takes his daily exercise in a limousine done after the early Pullman period. I tried my utmost to get the fortunate one's name and address, but while the girl who draws and myself are the best of friends, there is a limit even to friendship, and she was not giving away anything so valuable as the number of a man who owns a real, live word of honor limousine.

However, this friend says the howls going up over the high cost of gasoline are absurd. If gasoline advances in price as much as 10 cents a gallon, it cannot mean much more than \$9 on the yearly fuel bill. Why not weep about the high cost of tires or something really expensive?

Then, too, think of the wear and tear on the nervous system when the motorist takes a five block trip to get an adjustment. There is worth a lot to a man. And when the bill from the repair shop comes in, with a list which resembles a machine dictionary, when you rush out to see if you or whether it is the one you got to have the sash after backed up a bit, that is the time you realize gasoline is merely a tiny atom in the game of things.

When things are to the conclusion that the disappointed person may be right about a ten cent rise on gasoline being a mere bagatelle, amounting to a mere fob, that let us of the great unknown rise to reply that if we had a whole lot of one time we would go down to Washington and open negotiations for the White House or something like that.

And so we cry: "Dream on, dreamy substitutes. We may yet be looking back at last the leather cushions, calling up the macadam at a cent a gallon!" Here's hoping!



Take your Ford right into the bar, for it's Bacardi.

rides high for the discovery of a gasoline substitute.

"Find the way to deliver the final wallop to the high cost of gasoline and Napoleon will have nothing on you," is the universal cry.

"These are great days for squirrels," declared a man who keeps his automobile looking like a war truck that has seen hard service at the front. "With all the nuts around loose giving the behind the hand talk about how they have a juice that will make gasoline look like castern water, the squirrels should get fat and sassy."

thousand head of horses all they had to do was just to give the tip and the horses were as good as shipped.

"To-day that special purchasing agent talk is an ancient where. The thing to tour is a personally conducted formula for producing something that will make an automobile run without running away with the entire family fortune."

"What are some of the suggestions?" I asked.

The man who treats his car roughly and considers inflating the door to be in the same class with checked suits.

GREEK LETTER MEN REVIVE COLLEGE MEMORIES IN NEW YORK CLUBS

IN the last decade fraternity alumni clubs in New York have been increasing both in numbers and in popularity. Their members include diplomats, bankers, editors, authors, manufacturers, attorneys, Senators, editors, investors, judges, dramatists, actors, explorers, capitalists, railroad magnates, college presidents, Bishops and Congressmen.

The high class membership of the fraternity clubs only reflects the improvement that has been going on in the fraternities themselves. Modern under class men conduct their neophytes through rites quite different from the perils of a decade ago. Prohibition is spreading rapidly and many national organizations have forbidden liquor in all their chapter houses.

New auditing systems have been devised to prevent lax financial management, old accounts are being cleared up and the man who sponges on his brother Greek is seldom tolerated.

Scholarship committees, composed of seniors, encourage the stronger men to win honors in the classroom as well as on the campus. And everywhere the pendulum swings toward a more democratic spirit. To see that national edicts are properly observed traveling secretaries are employed to make regular visits to college chapters.

Some of the most important fraternity clubhouses in New York are those of Alpha Delta Phi and Phi Gamma Delta, both on West Forty-fourth, the street of clubs; Beta Theta Pi, in Gramercy Park; Delta Tau Delta, on East Thirty-sixth street off Park avenue, and St. Anthony (Delta Psi), on West Fifty-sixth street near Fifth avenue. Psi Upsilon uses part of the top floor of the Hotel Manhattan, while Phi Delta Theta, Delta Phi and several others hold alumni functions in their Columbia University chapter houses on Morningside Heights.

Delta Kappa Epsilon and Kappa Sigma have both maintained clubs in the past. Nearly every fraternity of any size not already provided with one contemplates the erection of a clubhouse.

Most of the clubs have a grill, reception foyer, dining hall, pool and billiard room, library and lounge, plus a varying number of single rooms and suites. Initiation fees and annual dues depend upon facilities. Life, resident, suburban and non-resident memberships are the rule. The aim in each case is to keep prices moderate, and fraternity rates compared with adjacent hotel and bachelor apartment charges are usually about 50 per cent less.

In less pretentious houses room rent runs as low as \$4 a week, while at the more elaborate clubs a furnished two room suite costs \$75 a month. Meals are served table d'hôte and à la carte, and the cuisine is under the direction of experienced stewards. At one clubhouse a total of 1,528 meals were served during the month of March alone.

Perhaps the best example of a New York institution where tipping is absolutely taboo is the fraternity club. Attaches know and appreciate the fact that a violation of this rule will cost them their jobs. The general custom is to distribute an employees' fund at Christmas, when members can contribute as they please.

Membership is generally confined to

fraternity graduates, although a few men join while still in college. The events consist of reunion dinners, evening musicales, supper dances, masquerades, smokers, vaudeville, chapter banquets and tea dances. One unusual affair of the season was the midnight supper of the Phi Fakers, a fraternity clique composed of alumni connected with the stage profession.

Enough talent to write and produce half a dozen Broadway successes was represented. Otto Hauerbach, the baritone, acted as master of ceremonies. Some other Fakers are Avery Hopwood and Frederick Hatton, playwrights; Frank Benson, comic actor; and Ralph Morgan of "Pals and Warner's" fame.

Alpha Delta Phi Club was organized in 1890 and moved into its present location, just west of the Lambs, in 1907. Arthur Charles James Amherst, says president of the clubhouse, is eight stories in height and has fifty-eight bedrooms; many of the rooms are arranged in two and three room suites.

Mr. Baker and some other members required the handsome clubhouse across from the New York Yacht Club in February, 1909.

The building was designed by the late Washington Hull and is topped by a massive white marble owl. The interior decoration is very attractive. Where quarters divide the brown tinted walls into panels, Japanese art designs, green tapestries and rugs, huge moose, deer and elk heads, bronze shields and mounted eagles aid to carry out distinctive appearance.

Besides Secretary of War Baker, other active members of Phi Gamma Delta Club are Vice-President Thomas R. Marshall, Major Frank Keck, William G. Mennen, George E. Ruppert, Christy Mead, John K. Gore, Frederic C. Howe, Commissioner of Immigration, and others.

Under the supervision of Frank P. Rogers, national secretary, the Delta Tau Delta Club maintains an extensive employment bureau, which has achieved excellent results, employment being found for seventy-six college graduates during the past three years. In the winter of 1909, when this club first moved to the new quarters adjoining Keen's Chop House were leased. Three years later a move to a larger home on West Fifty-eighth street was made and in 1914 the present clubhouse was taken over. There are 124 resident and 98 non-resident members. Here the national offices

of the fraternity are maintained. At Delta Tau Delta and which has during the last few months such members as Frederick Palmer, the war critic, and Homer Gray, the author, have entertained with interesting tales of happenings in foreign climes.

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